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POEMS IN PROSE AND VERSE

A SEQUENCE

I. INVOCATION

O Pearl in the Lotus,
O Krishna of the Jade Flute,
O Christ upon the Triple Cross,
Hear me, I pray you,
And give heed to my prayer,
For faintly
And in my sleep
I have heard distant singing.

II. THE EAGLE

For an hundred years I have soared
Under the sky,
Grayed is my breast by the storms
Round distant peaks;
Still gaze my golden eyes
Fiercely at the sun.

III. PRELUDE

Beloved, if you would but gaze
Into those dark pools,
'Tis your own face you will see,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Your face and the far-off hills,
That you might have seen long since
By the turning of your head.

IV. ENIGMA

There is dust upon your feet,
Dust and blood,
And upon your hands there is blood;
And with dust and sweat
Matted is your hair:
Dark are your eyes and empty
Like the lost pools in that garden
Which is unremembered of God.

V. THE MOUNTAINS

The mountains
Were sunk in the sea,
But now they are risen
High and more high:
I will climb my mountains,
I will rest in their winds;
At night . . . I will descend . . .
Wearied . . . to the valleys . . .
In the warmth of my valleys
I will sleep till the dawn.